

The Bridgton Reporter.

CHARLES LAMSON
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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Poetical Selections.

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

(IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

Have a husband as good as can be;
Woman could wish for a better than he
because, indeed, he may chance to be
wrong.
His love for me is uncommonly strong!
Has one little fault that makes me fret,
He always less money, by far, than debt;
Healer, he wallows me, now and then,—
Accepting that, he's the best of men!
He is dreadfully given to drink;
And besides he is rather too fond, I think,
Playing at cards and dice; but then,
Accepting that, he's the best of men!
He loves to chat with the girls, I know,
And talks away with men—they're always so!
But what care I for his flirting—when,
Accepting that, he's the best of men?

But say I think he's rash
And my pocket and spend the cash
How can I scold my darling, when,
Accepting that, he's the best of men?

One soaked with tippie, he's hardly polite,
He knocks the crockery, left and right,
And pulls my hair, and grows angry,
Accepting that, he's the best of men!
Such is the loyalty I have shown;
I have a spouse who is all my own;
Good, indeed, as man can be;
And who could ask for a better than he?

Our Story Teller.

BOARDING AROUND.

The editor of the Reporter has seen fit
to make a levy upon me for contributions
his paper, and though it is possible I
might most honor his estimate of my talents
by resisting the draft, yet being for
union as it was, and the constitution
of this, I shall make up my quota by pro-
viding a substitute, and while furnishing
aid and comfort to the soldiers in the
land of dried apples and tacks, I will
endeavor to the readers of the Reporter,
my friend, Miss Grace Grumbleton, com-
mon school teacher, a young lady of acute
perceptions of other people's intentions,
whose observer of their actions and a very
valuable delineator of human nature,
having a large share of it in his compo-
sition; who will interest you with some
her experience in "boarding around."

Dear Lee,
Your humble servant, dear readers of
the Reporter. I hope I see you all quite
well, as I am, thank you.

Now as I have been formal intro-
duced to you, by our mutual acquaintance,
Miss Lee, I will take off my hat, give you
a preliminary twist, watch-spring
adjusting snake and try to amuse you
with some of my experience, as a common
school teacher, in boarding around.

I say amuse, for I find that amusement
is better than instruction, and in these
hard times, one must look well to the
chance. Again, I make no pretensions
to instructing out of common schools,
and even there I have found that the
amusement one can intermingle with
the lessons, the better they stand, both
to pupils and parents, for when the
pupils profess themselves vastly
interested in their studies, and assure you
they have a "first rate of a school,"
as the studies, and of course the
parents are pleased with any arrange-

ment that aids on their children in the
pursuit of useful knowledge.

There is an item of experience for you.

Mrs. Lee, we sometimes call her aunt,
though she is no more relation to me than
she is to your dear reader, only one of
those universal aunts that everybody
knows and nobody cares for, and would
as soon tell me of a fault if I had one, as
she would drink a cup of Col. Webb's tea,
which is conclusive proof that I have
none; but since she has given me such a
flattering recommendation, it behooves
me to say my best of her, and I here aver
that she is a good judge of talents and
and very truthful, and I feel no hesita-
tion in saying I think I shall be as much
credit to her as she is to me.

Now about my experience, you may
think it must be a very trifling affair, but
when I come to give an account of my
week's sojourn in your family, dear reader,
it may not seem such a trifle to you.

Talk of Madame Pfeiffer, Bayard Tay-
lor, Mango Park, or Christopher Colum-
bus! Why, their discoveries sink into
insignificance beside those of a common
school teacher. The first cantered on her
palfrey, and the second trugged afoot,
over a vast surface of earth. So in truth
have we. Mungo Park sojourned among
lions, tigers, bears and savages. Meta-
phorically speaking, so have we. Chris-
topher Columbus sailed to unknown re-
gions with mutinous crews. So indeed
have we, while of the real world of hu-
man life, they were, comparatively speak-
ing, infants and idiots in discoveries, to a
common school teacher, who is sentenced
to boarding around.

With this preface I shall proceed to
give you some of the experience of
GRACE GRUMBLETON.

A CAPITAL RUNAWAY MATCH.

A great many years since, when bright-
eyed and fair-haired lasses were not so
plenty in New England as they now are,
there dwelt in the town of P—, distant
some five and twenty miles from a market
town, a peculiarly comely and graceful
maiden, who had a peculiarly ugly and
cross-grained, but wealthy old father.

Minnie was Danforth's only child, and
report said truly she would be his only
legatee. The old man was a sturdy farmer,
and was estimated to be worth full
ten thousand dollars; and at that period a
very handsome fortune, indeed.

The sparkling eyes and winning man-
ners of Minnie Danforth had stirred up
the finer feelings of the whole male por-
tion of the village, and her suitors were
numerous, but her father was particular,
and none succeeded in making headway
with him or her.

In the mean time Minnie had a true and
loyal lover in secret. Who would have
supposed, for a moment, that such a fel-
low would have dared to look on beauty
and comparative refinement?

His name was Walker, and he was gen-
erally called "Joe Walker"—and he was
simply a farmer employed by old Danforth
who had entrusted Joe with the manage-
ment of his large place for two or three
years.

But a very intelligent farmer and a
right good manager was this same plain,
unassuming, but good looking Joe Wal-
ker. He was young, too, only twenty-
three; and he actually fell in love with
the beautiful, pleasant, and joyous Minnie
Danforth, his employer's only daughter.
But the strangest part of the occurrence
was that Minnie returned his love ear-
nestly, truly and frankly, and promised
to wed him at a favorable moment.

Things went on merrily for a time, but
old Danforth discovered certain glances
and attentions between which excited his
early suspicions.

Very soon afterwards Joe learned the
old man's mind, indirectly, with regard
to the disposal of Minnie's hand, and he
quickly saw that his case was a hopeless
one, unless he resorted to stratagem, and
so puts his wits at once to work.

By agreement and apparently settled
coldness and distance was observed by
the lovers towards each other, which led
the father to believe his previous suspi-
cions had been premature.

Then by agreement also between them,
Joe absented himself from the house at
evening, and night after night as soon as
his work was done, did he disappear to
return home at late bed time. This was
something unusual, and old Danforth de-
termined to know the cause of it.

less than five miles distant, but after a
faithful, attachment between them for
several months, the old man had utterly
refused to entertain his application for
the young girl's hand.

That was capital, just what the old
man desired. This satisfied him that he
had made a mistake in regard to his own
child; and he would have Joe get mar-
ried and stop all trouble and suspicion at
once. So he said:

'Well, Joe, is she a buxom lass?'

'Yes, yes,' said Joe, 'I'm not much of
a judge myself.'

'And you like her?'

'Yes.'

'Then marry her.'

'But I can't; the father objects.'

'Pooh! what do you care? Run away
with her.'

'Elope?'

'Yes, certainly, off with you at once.
If the gal will join, all right. You shall
have the little cottage at the foot of the
lane. I will fix it up for you. Your
wages shall be raised, and the old man
may like it or not.'

'But—'

'But no buts, Joe. Do as I bid you.
Go about it at once, and—'

'You will stand by me?'

'Yes to the very last. I know you Joe;
you are a good workman, and will make
any one a good son or husband.'

'The old fellow would be mad though.'

'Who cares, I say? Go quickly but
quietly.'

'To-morrow night, then?'

'Yes.'

'I will hire Culver's horse.'

'I say no. Take my horse, the best one,
young Morgan. He will take you off in
style.'

'Exactly.'

'As soon as you're spiced, come right
back here, and a jolly time we will have
of it in the old house.'

'Her father will kill me.'

'Bah! he is an old fool, whoever he is.
He don't know your good qualities, Joe,
as well as I do. Do not be afraid; faint
heart, you know, never won fair lady.'

'The old man will be astonished.'

'Never mind; we will turn the laugh
on him. I will take care of you at any
rate.'

'You shall,' said Joe, and so they part-
ed in the best of spirits.

An hour after dark, on the following
evening, Joe made his appearance dressed
in a new black suit, really looking very
comely. The old man bustled out to the
burn with him, helping to harness young
Morgan to the phaeton, and leading the
punky animal himself to the road, and
away went Joe Walker in search of his
bride.

A few rods distant from the house he
found her according to previous arrange-
ments, and repairing to the village, the
parson soon made them one in holy wed-
lock. Joe took his bride and soon dashed
back to the town of P—, and halted at
old Danforth's house, who was already
looking for him and who received him
with open arms.

'Is it done?' cried the old man.

'Yes,' said Joe.

'Bring her in, bring her in,' continued
the old fellow in high glee. 'Never mind
compliments; no matter about the dark
entry; here Joe, to the right, in the best
parlor. We will have a good time now,
sure!' and the anxious father rushed
away for lights, returning almost imme-
diately.

'Here is the certificate,' said Joe.

'Yes, yes—'

'And this is my wife,' he added, as he
passed up by his beautiful bride, the be-
witching Minnie Danforth.

'What!' roared the old fellow, 'what
did you say? So—you villain, you scamp,
you audacious cheat, you—'

'It is the truth, sir, we are lawfully
married. You lent me your horse; you
thought me worthy of any man's child.
You encouraged me, you promised to
stand by me, you offered me the cottage
at the foot of the lane, and—'

'I did not. I deny it. You are a—'

'Calmly now,' said Joe; and the en-
treaties of the happy couple were united
to quell the old man's ire, and persuade
him to acknowledge the union.

The father relented at last. It was a
job of his own manufacture, and he saw
finally how useless it would be to attempt
to destroy it.

He gave in reluctantly, and the fair
Minnie Danforth was overjoyed to be ac-

knowledgeed as Mrs. Joe Walker.

The marriage proved a joyful one and
the assertion of Danforth proved true in
every respect.

The cunning lover was a good son and
faithful husband, and lived many a year
to enjoy the happiness which followed
upon his runaway match; while the old
man never dared to hear much about the
details of the elopement, for he saw how
he shot over the mark.

A FLING AT DRESSING-GOWNS.

My name is Albert Fling. I am an
active business married man; that is;
wedded to Mrs. Fling, and married to
business. I had the misfortune sometime
since, to break a leg; and before it was
mended, Madam Fling, hoping to soothe
my hours of convalescence, caused to be
made for me a dressing gown, which, on
due reflection, I believe was modeled af-
ter the last style of straight jacket. This
belief is confirmed by the fact that when
I put it on, I am at once confined to the
house, "get man," and am soberly con-
vinced that if any of my friends were to
see me walking in the street, clad in this
apparel, they would instantly entertain
ideas of insanity.

I have three several times, while wear-
ing this gown, been mistaken for Ma'am
Fling, by people coming to the house—
The first time I was shaving in my cham-
ber; in bounced Miss X—, who believed,
as it was rather late, that I had gone
down town. She threw up her hands ex-
claiming:

'Good gracious Fanny! do you shave?'

'N B—Fanny is my wife's first name.'

The second time I had brought the
wood-saw and horse from the cellar, and
was exercising myself sawing up my win-
ter's wood in the summer-kitchen, accord-
ing to Dr. H—'s advice, when the Irish-
man from the Grocery entered, bearing a
bundle. My back was to him, and on-
ly seeing the gay flowery gown, he ex-
claimed in an awfully audible whisper to
the cook:

'Shure, yer mistress has the power in
her arms, jist.'

Think of my wife, my gentle Fanny,
having it shouted around the neighbor-
hood that her brute of a husband made
her saw all their winter's wood—yes!
and split it, and pile it, too, and make
all the fire, and so on and etcetera; and
O! I am glad my husband isn't such a
monster!

I turned on the Irishman, and when
he saw my whiskers, he quailed!

The third time I was blacking my
boots, according to Dr. Howl's advice,
'which expands the deltoid muscles, is of
benefit to the metacarpus, stretches the
larynx, opens the oil-sphggers, and facili-
tates expectoration!' I had chosen what
Fanny calls her conservatory for my field
of operation—the conservatory has two
dried fish—geraniums, and a dead dog—
rose in it, besides a bad-smelling cat-
nip bush—when who should come run-
ning in but the identical Miss X—,
who caught me shaving.

'Poor Fanny,' said she, before I could
turn round, 'do you have to black the
boots of that odious brute?'

'Miss X—,' said I turning toward
her and folding my arms over my
dressing-gown, spite of having a damp,
unpolished boot on one arm and a wet
blackening brush in the other hand, for I
wished to strike a position and awe at
the same time, 'Miss X—, I am that
odious brute myself!'

If you had observed her wilt, droop,
stutter, fly.

My wife went to the sea-shore last sum-
mer; I kept the house open, and staid
in town—cause, business. When she re-
turned, Miss X—, who lives opposite,
called to see her. In less than five min-
utes my wife was a sad, moaning, desol-
ate, injured, disconsolate, afflicted, etc.,
woman.

'Oow-ow-ow-could you d-do it. Al-
l-al-bert? she ejaculated, flooding every
word as it came out with tears.

'Do what?'

'O-woh! O-woh-woh-wah!'

Miss X— here thought proper to
leave, casting from her eye a small hard-
ware shop in the way of daggers at me,
as much as to say, you are vicious and I
hate you! (Theatrical for you.)

Fanny, left to herself, revealed all to
me. Miss X—, through the venetian
blinds, had seen a—gown in my room,
latent night.

'It is too true,' said I, 'too, too true.'

'Al-l-al-bert! you will b-b-break my
my heart. I-c-could tear the d-d-dies
troy-oy-er of my p-p-peace to p-p-pie-
ces!'

'Come on,' said I, you shall behold the
destroyer of your peace. You shall tear
her to pieces, or I'll be d-dashed if I
don't. I'm tired of the blasted thing.'

I grasped her hand and led her to the
back chamber.

'There! against the wall.'

'It is——,' said she.

'It is,' said I, 'my dressing-gown! I
will never again put it on my shoulders,
never. Here it goes!'

Rip it went from the tails up the back
to the neck.

'Hold, Albert! I will send it to the
wounded soldiers.'

'Never! they are men, bricks, war-
riors. Such female frippery as this shall
never degrade them. Into the rag bag
with it, and sell it to the Jews for a pair
china sheep or a crockery dog.'

A NICE GIRL.

There is nothing 'half so sweet in life,'
half so beautiful, so delightful, or so lov-
able, as a 'nice girl.' Not a pretty, or a
dashing, or an elegant girl, but a 'nice'
girl. One of those 'lovely, amiable, neat,
dainty, domestic creatures met within the
sphere of 'home,' diffusing around the do-
mestic hearth the influence of her good-
ness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

A nice girl is not the languishing beau-
ty dawdling on a sofa, and discussing the
last novel or opera or the giraffe-like crea-
ture sweeping majestically through a
drawing-room. The nice girl may not
even dance or play well, and knows noth-
ing about 'using her eyes,' or coquetting
with a fan. She never languishes; she is
too active. She is not given to 'sensation
novels,' she is too busy. At the opera, she
is not front, showing her bare shoulders,
but sits quiet and unobtrusive—at the
back of the box, most likely. In fact, it
is not often in such scenes that we dis-
cover her. Home is her place.

Who rises betimes, and superintends
the morning meals? Who makes the toast,
and the tea, and buttons the boys' shirts,
and waters the flowers, and feeds the
chickens, brightens up the parlor and sit-
ting-room? Is it the languisher, or the
giraffe, or the elegant?

Not a bit of it; it's the nice girl.

Her unaided toilet is made in the—
shortest possible time, yet how charm-
ingly it is done, and how elegant her neat
dress and plain collar! What kisses she
distributes among the family! no pre-
senting a cheek or a brow like a 'fine
girl,' but an audible smack, which says
plainly, 'I love you ever so much.' If I
ever coveted anything, it is one of those
nice girl's kisses.

Breakfast over, down in the kitchen to
see about dinner; and all day long she
is up and down, always cheerful and
light hearted. She never ceases to be ac-
tive and useful until the day is gone,
when she will polka with the boys, and
sing old songs, and play old tunes to her
father, for hours together, she is a per-
fect treasure, is the 'nice girl.' When
illness comes, it is she that attends with
unwearied patience to the sick chamber.
There is no risk, no fatigue that she will
not undergo; no sacrifice that she will
not make. She is all love, all devotion,
I have often thought it would be happi-
ness to be ill, to be watched by such lov-
ing eyes, and tended by such fair hands.

One of the most strongly marked char-
acteristics of a 'nice girl,' is tidiness and
simplicity in dress. She is invariably as-
sociated, in my mind, with a high neck,
plain collar, and the neatest of neck rib-
bons, bound with the most modest little
brooch in the world. I never know a
'nice girl' who displayed a profusion of
rings and bracelets, or who wore low
dresses, or a splendid bonnet.

I say again, there is nothing in the
world half so beautiful, half so intrinsic-
ally good as a 'nice girl.' She is the
sweetest flower in the path of life—
There are others far more stately, far more
gorgeous; but those we merely admire as
we go by. It is where the daisy grows
that we lie down to rest.

The rebels recently inaugurated a
governor in Kentucky, and in a very few
hours after, he and his 'gay and festive'
suite skedaddled under the pressure of
military necessity. It is not entirely
unlike an old bachelor on his death-bed,
confering the doubtful honor of his hand
upon some blooming damsel, to save her
from dying an old maid. The kind heart-
ed rebels, in leaving their State, would
confer a similar doubtful compliment.

'It is too true,' said I, 'too, too true.'

Agricultural Department

MILCH COWS IN FALL AND WINTER.

Milking, except for a short period af-
ter the birth of a calf, is altogether an
artificial process. Nature intended ani-
mals to yield milk only while it should be
necessary for the sustenance of the young
but by long training, artificial habits
have been induced, and the flow of milk
is prolonged for months, and even for
years, after the natural period has passed.
Partly for this reason, no secretion of the
cow is more easily affected by treatment
of the animal. Any derangement of
health, insufficient food, or bodily dis-
comfort, at once shows its effects in the
decreased quality and quantity of the
milk. It should also be borne in mind
that the continued flow of milk beyond
the natural period is no small drain up-
on the vital functions of an animal, and
this should be counterbalanced by extra
stimulus in the form of good nourishing
food, and whatever care is necessary to
keep up the health of the cow to the high-
est standard. At this season of the year
change of food is necessary. Long before
the pastures are entirely despoiled of ver-
dure, the grasses nipped by repeated
frosts loose much of their nutriment—
though cows may gather their fill, it is
of poorer quality, and the yield of milk
speedily suffers. A daily allowance of
bran shorts or ground feed of rye or oats,
or two thirds oats with one third corn,
will supply the lack of nourishment, and
show itself with good interest added, in
the milk pail. This feed should be wet
before using. We prefer it to feeding
with hay, for the reason that nourish-
ment, more than bulk, is needed; they
can pick up enough partly withered
grasses to fill their stomachs. This extra
allowance should not be delayed until the
animal is suffering from insufficient food.
It is far easier to keep a cow in good con-
dition, than to bring her up after falling
off.

Pumpkins are usually fed out first, up-
on failure of the pastures. If it be prac-
ticable to keep them uninjured until later
in the season, it would be better. They
come in best when dry hay and stalks are
the staple diet, and something more eu-
culent is craved and needed. It is best
to remove seeds from pumpkins; they are
an active diuretic, and many believe that
they divert to urine fluids which would
form milk. Any person who has been
long confined to a single article or two
of food, say to salt beef and potatoes,
knows how the appetite craves a change.
The greediness with which cows lay hold
of turnips, mangel wurzels, or other
roots in Winter, proves that they, too,
relish variety, and in the case of healthy
animals, appetite is a safe guide in the
selection of food. Even if roots were
lacking in nutriment, an occasional al-
lowance of them to cattle would be bene-
ficial.

Observe strict regularity in the time
of feeding. If meals are regularly served,
animals will patiently wait the appointed
time; otherwise, they will be restless and
uneasy while looking for supplies, and
ravenous when fed.

The importance of comfortable, well
ventilated shelter for milch cows is yet
greatly underrated, despite all that has
been written and said. A large part of
the food eaten is consumed in furnishing
warmth to the animal. Thus, good shel-
ter is equivalent to a large percentage of
food. Besides the actual loss of food
from the increased amount required under
exposure to cold, there is a further loss
of milk from the feeling of discomfort.—
The secretions are always disturbed by
influences that cause pain or uneasiness,
and every shiver of a half-frozen cow, will
make itself felt in the milk pail.

In their anxiety to secure warmth, many
have overlooked the importance of
pure air. Close, crowded stables, reek-
ing with odors from accumulating ma-
nure, produce feverish restlessness in the
cows, and the flow of milk suffers. At
best, confinement during the winter
months is irksome to animals, and kind-
ness to brutes, as well as profit, demands
that everything practicable should be
done to secure their comfort.

—American Agriculturist.

To PRESERVE POTATOES.—Dust over the
floor of the bin with lime, and put in six
or seven inches deep of potatoes, and dust
with lime as before. Put in six or seven
inches more of potatoes, and lime again;
repeating the operation till all are stored
in that way.

The Bridgton Reporter.

CHARLES LAMSON, Editor.

BRIDGTON, Friday, November 28, 1862

THANKSGIVING.

Once more, in treading the circling years, we have reached our annual festival holiday—good old Thanksgiving! Although there is little use, perhaps, in moralizing, yet now and then a serious word or two will not go amiss.

We name this Thanksgiving day, and expect our Governor to yearly designate it; but are we especially thankful on this occasion?

Why, if the "proof of the pudding is in eating it," we may be said to be somewhat so. If thankfulness consists in partaking, most heartily, and in many cases, as we can personally testify, *uncomfortably*, of the fat things of this fat land, then we may claim to be a very grateful people. There is one point, however, about which we desire to be enlightened, respecting our annual Thanksgiving, by our theological brethren. Are we requested to *condense* the entire thankfulness of the preceding year into this one festival day, or is it only designed that we shall make an extra effort to be thankful? We are some inclined to the opinion that we should cultivate, among other good sentimental vegetables, a *continuous* gratitude to the All-Bountiful—that all days should be marked by an inward glow of deep-felt thankfulness for this, possible to us all, divine life, with all its really divinely beautiful appointments, bountiful providences, and glorious promises! Could the opaque veil of "beggarly elements"—the thick adhesions of rudimentary senses be removed from us, what possible joy would flash into our being, and how we should be lifted up by divine ecstasies, and how unpeppably full we should be of thankfulness, and adoration, and devout rendering ourselves to Him whose goodness and infinite glory fill all immensities! But instead of this, the possibility of (thanks to the Father of our Spirits) which is nevertheless within us, we go dozing, crawling on all-fours, through this really radiant world, at a poor, dying, sneaking rate, tricking, fighting, deceiving, and *hating* one another, and once a year, to get up a decent appearance of thanksgiving, we have a day appointed by our political Governor, and summarily, present a formal offering of "Thanksgiving, Prayer and Praise," to

"The dear God who loveth us."

Well, perhaps "under the circumstances," this is the best we can do now. Where there is a *shadow* there is a substance. This "faint praise" with which we content ourselves in an annual, sort of pagan utterance, gives a dim, vague *hint* of the large and deeper thankfulness of which we are capable, and which shall yet kindle to a divine and everlasting joy!—Let us have, then, an annual Thanksgiving day, with its puddings and turkeys; with its dancing and kissing parties, and above all, with its remissions of long-separated kindred, till the speciality is lost in that more general Day of Thanksgiving when every heart and mind shall be filled with the fullness of Him who crowns not only the year, but eternal years, with unspeakable blessedness to all His accipient children!

Rain, rain, rain. Not a "down-right smart" rain, as though the Atlantic Ocean had been carried above and poured on to us at once, but a *naughty, drizzle, blue* rain, a breeder of neuralgia, and a suggester of suicide. Mud up street, down street, in the hall, on the carpet, mud everywhere. Such is the kind of a storm we are having these last days of autumn. Well, it is all right; the streams must get high sometimes, and the springs send forth an increased supply from their pure fountains. And while the sky is overcast, and the outside world is dreary, let us cultivate the social and domestic virtues. Let us remember the needy, be ever mindful too, that a darker storm than this has closed around our country, that the wail of the widow is heard, and the pang of suffering is felt, in the most remote hamlet. And, as we feel, and know, that this storm will pass away and be succeeded by the genial rays of the sun, so let us have faith, and realize that "He doeth all things well," and that our fair land will come out out of her baptism of blood with purified robes.

We go to press one day earlier this week than usual, that we can all prepare for turkey.

OLD MAIDS—"MATRIMONY."—The following, on the marriage-market, and old maids, is from one of Jean Paul's novels. Young ladies, and old maids, read it,—we select it for your especial benefit:—

"O, my heart is more in earnest than you think; the parents anger me who are soul-brothers; the daughters sadden me who are made slave Negroes. Ah, it is wonderful that those, who in their West Indian market place, must dance, laugh, speak, sing, till some lord of a plantation take them home with him—that these, I say, should be as slavishly treated as they are sold and bought? Ye poor lambs! and yet ye, too, are as bad as your sale-mothers and sale-fathers; what has one to do with his enthusiasm for your sex, when one travels through German towns, [American towns, too], where every heaviest-purged, every longest-titled individual, were he second cousin to the Devil himself, can point with his finger to thirty houses, and say: 'I know not, shall it be from the pearl-colored, or the nut-brown, or from the steel-green house, that I wed; open to the steel-green house, that I wed; my girls, is your heart so little worth that you cut it like old clothes, after any fashion, to fit any beast; and does it wax or shrink, like a Chinese ball, to fit itself into the ball-mould and marriage ring-case of any male heart whatever? Well, it must; unless we would sit at home, and grow old maids; answer they; whom I will not answer, but turn scornfully away from them to address the same old maid in these words:—

Forgotten, but not one! mistaken and mistreated! Think not of the time when thou hadst hope of a better than the present one, and repent of the noble pride of thy heart never! It is not always our duty to marry, but it is always our duty to abide by the right, and not to purchase happiness by loss of honor, and not to avoid unadvisedness by untruthfulness. Lonely, unadvised heroine! in thy last hour, when all life and the by-gone possessions and scaffolding of life shall crumble to pieces, ready to fall down; in that hour thou wilt look back on thy uneventful life; no children, no husband, no wet eyes will be there; but in the empty dusk, one high, pure, angelic, smiling, beaming figure, Godlike, and mounting to the Godlike, will hover, and beckon thee to mount with her,—mount thou with her, the figure is thy virtue."

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—We are in receipt of this popular Lady's Magazine for December. It is a splendid number. The title page for 1863, containing portraits of the chief contributors, is very handsome. "Peterson's" will be greatly improved in 1863.—It will contain 1000 pages of double column reading matter; 15 steel plates; 12 colored steel fashion plates; 12 colored patterns in Berlin work, embroidery or crochet, and 900 wood engravings—proportionately more than any other periodical gives. Its stories and novels are by the best writers. In 1863 Four Original Copyright Novels will be given. Its fashions are always the latest and prettiest! Every neighborhood ought to make up a club. Its price is but two dollars a year, or a dollar less than *Magazines of its class*. It is the *Magazine for the times*! To clubs it is cheaper still, viz:—three copies for \$5, five for \$7 50, or eight for \$10. To every person getting up a club, the Publisher will send an extra copy gratis, as a premium, or a large sized magnet for framing, "Bunyan Parting from his Blind Child in Prison." Specimens sent (if written for) to those wishing to get up clubs. Address, post-paid,

CHARLES J. PETERSON,

306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR DECEMBER.—This Magazine, as we have said repeatedly, stands at the head of American Magazines. We have said that through this medium the best thought, and the highest culture yet achieved by Americans, find expression in this Magazine. Looking over the list of the names of the persons who are still to contribute to its columns, we may suppose that the Atlantic monthly will continue in its career of excellence, and still lead the van in our current literature. The present number contains another article from Hawthorne—inimitable, as all his writings always are—and the conclusion of the late Major Winthrop's "Life in the Open Air." Agassiz, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Dr. Holmes, and other of our highest literary men, are still to make this Magazine the medium of their best thought. The January number will be freighted with the richest possible things, judging from the names of those who are to contribute to its feast of fat things.

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY FOR DECEMBER is before us, with its rich freight of matter. We have had no time to read its political articles, but we have read "The Editor's Table," and Mr. Kimball's masterly story.—"Was he successful?" we regard as the best story we ever read, and Meeker the truest portrait of a Yankee hypocrite that was ever drawn. This number of the Continental is fully up to that of last month in merit, and may be regarded as a fixed and powerful fact in our current literature.

Published by John F. Trow, 50 Green St., New York, and edited by Governors R. J. Walker, and F. P. Stanton, C. G. Leland, and Edmund Kirke.

SIDE WALKS.—Some good and thoughtful individuals have, during the rainy spell, laid extemporé side-walks in the muddy places of our village streets. Is it not time to have some *plank* side-walks as permanent conveniences, in this village? We never knew it to be so muddy as it was most of last week, and sidewalk would have been a most grateful convenience to wayfarers. If this village is not quite big enough to be a city, it certainly is big enough to make itself comfortable and convenient.

Another letter, written it seems at an earlier date than the one which appeared in the *Reporter* of last week, is received from Capt. Little, which will appear next week.

Our Spice Mill.

In a certain neighborhood there were several Billy White's to whose names various prefixes and suffixes were added to distinguish them. One, for reasons unknown to the narrator, was designated by the name of Dog Billy.

Now this same Dog Billy was a well to do farmer, but very simple and credulous withal. As the election drew near on one occasion, certain waggish fellows, in the hope of getting a few extra drinks, went to the aforesaid Billy, and told him that he was candidate to the Legislature. Wherefore he accompanied them to the nearest store and treated them extravagantly.

Said he, "Boys, I am particularly anxious to gain this election, for, you see, if I go to the Legislature I shall have my name changed."

"Ah," said they, "and how will you have it changed?"

"Why," replied he, "I shall simply have the dog taken off."

To show off their authority is apt to be the fault of newly appointed officers. A very worthy man was elected Police Officer in a neighboring city last year. A circus visited the place, and the newly appointed officer appeared on the ground promptly with his badge fully displayed, and was duly passed in. In the course of the evening the clown came out to ride, and one of the actors, apparently drunk, tumbled into the ring and wanted to take the clown's place. The clown cried out, "where's the police?"—will some officer take the fellow out?"

The new M. P., rushed into the ring, seized the actor by the collar, dragged him two feet across it, and maintained his hold till the rhym master explained to him that it was "all in the play." The clown didn't have to say a word to bring down that house.

A man down in Windham who was somewhat noted for his sudden transitions from extreme smoothness of manner to an opposite tone, was one day expecting his wife up from Portland in the stage. When it arrived opposite his house he went out, smilingly, with chair in hand, to facilitate the unloading of his spouse, and accosted the driver in the blandest possible tone:—

"Mr. Maxfield, did my lady come with you to day?"

"No, she did not."

Dropping his head in a manner expressive of disappointment, and speaking as if to himself, said:—

"Wonder what has become of the d—d old gossip!"

Father Smith had officiated at a great many weddings and baptisms; but he was growing rather superannuated.

Going into a store one day he met an old couple whom he had not seen for many years. The gentleman greeted him heartily, and while Father Smith grasped the hand of the lady, said:—

"Should you have known my wife?"

"Know her, bless her old sides," replied Father Smith, "any body that I have married and baptized as many times as I have her, and not know her."

Some people seem born with a predisposition to murder the English language. We know a man of that stamp well. Calling us to look at some citizens one day he exclaimed, "See here you, and them splendid Veterans!"

At another time, directing our attention to a bureau he said, "See what a beautiful interjection front, and look at them heathen legs!"

The same man visited a school, one time, the building was a very good one but had no yard around it.

The teacher requested him to address the scholars. He said he was highly gratified with the school, but not with the house and its surroundings, "the fact is, the scholars don't have room to create themselves!"

A fellow somewhat deaf, and withal a good deal worldly minded, was one Sunday observed by a clergyman laying stone wall on his farm, and said to him that there was a strong likelihood that sabbath breakers would pick up in a certain warm region which we do not like to name outright to polite readers. "Yes," quoth our diligent friend, who did not fully comprehend the remark, but supposing it complimentary—"Yes, and I've got the body for it too."

Why are "checkermen" like mustard seed? Because they are useful in Drafts.

When does a man make game of his sweetheart? When he calls her a dear.

When is a young lady present and absent at the same time? When she is Missed.

The refusal of way of asking a young lady to a sleigh-ride is—"Fair daughter of Eve, will you do me the honor of enjoying the felicity of your society in a short peregrination over the congealed protoxide of hydrogen that now mantles the fair bosom of mother earth?"

John B. asserted of Ira C. that he was a d—d liar! C. being very indignant at the charge, one day met B. and asked him if he made the obnoxious allegation? The only satisfaction he got from B. was that he was then too "much in a hurry to deny it!"

The shortest correspondence known is as follows. "Dear Neph;" (see my coal on.) "Dear Nunc;" (coal on.)

IN THE SHADOW OF OLD HAR-

VARD NO. 2.

Commander Preble at Home—How the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table lost his Skull—"Old Socrates;" how he was troubled with Something hard; than Greek Roots—Longfellow again—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 22, 1862.

Dear Reporter:—Uncle Abraham, though no longer a bower of wood and splinter of rails, is prone, however, to wield the axe of executive displeasure; and woe to him whose neck is on the block! Commander George H. Preble, about whom so much has been said, has arrived here, and in the society of his excellent family is enjoying the quiet pleasure of home-life. He goes out on the street frequently—attends church—in short, appears not the least downcast at his abut and mortifying dismissal from the service. Nor should he be. Conscious of having done what he considered was right and proper, honest in his endeavors, and loyal to that government in whose service he has spent the best part of his life, he may well hold up his head, uncrushed by the stigma of his summary discharge. His "occupation's gone"—but only for a season! He is at present engaged, so his son informs me, in preparing a pamphlet in extenuation of what he has done. Nobody blames the President for doing what at the time seemed only an act of justice, but it is the general impression, I think, that Commander Preble has been made, not unlike a certain Secretary of State in a South American republic, to bear the sins of other prominent officials.

Here, in the city of authors and poets, I not only enjoy the pleasure of gazing at them—as a cat does upon a king—but also, of picking up anecdotes, illustrative of their habits and ways. Here is one about the witty and talented Oliver Wendell Holmes, as related by himself to gentlemen of my acquaintance, from whom I in turn received it.

Riding out one day with the individual referred to, he all at once inquired:—

"M—, have you seen anything of my old acquaintance, Jim J—, recently, or know what he's up to, now-a-days?"

"Oh, yes," returned his companion, "Jim has enlisted."

"Yes; and he's now in camp at Readville,"

But he, alas! has turned out badly. Jim was a good hearted fellow, but he took to drink, and has become a poor, miserable, drunken creature—has got clear down to the foot of the hill!"

"Well," said the Professor, "there is one thing that will always make me remember Jim J—. When I was studying medicine out here, I boarded with my father. One day, to my great joy, I received the present of a skull of a subject that we had dissected; and in order to have it bleached to immaculate whiteness, what should I do but go to the brook just back of father's house—you know that brook, M—, what a pretty little stream it is—and set my trophy right under a little cascade. Here I let it remain until I thought it must be pretty well bleached out, and then went after it. But who can describe my consternation, when, upon arriving at the brook, I found my prize was missing. In the greatest alarm, I hurried away, but had not gone far when I overtook Jim J—, who was swinging my skull on the end of a stick which he had punched through it, with as much carelessness and indifference as though it was the ignoble head of a horse or ox. I sung out to him excitedly let me have it before it was dashed to pieces; but Jim only gave it another triumphant swing, and off he ran; and that was the last I ever saw of my highly-prized skull!"

Among the shining lights of this literary sky is Professor Evangelinus A. Sophocles, or "Old Socrates," as he is nicknamed, a native of Greece, and teacher of the Greek tongue in Harvard University—a curious personage, with unshorn beard, and hair so long and bushy, that some students one day, gazing at his photograph, declared it was a portrait of Barnum's "What is It." As he was walking out one fine morning a lazy good-for-nothing vagabond threw a stone at him, in a spirit of mischief, which took decided effect. The worthy Professor, quite enraged and smarting under the hurt, rushed up to the malicious author of the affront, and excitedly exclaimed:—

"What's your name? What's your name?"

"What's your name?"

"My name," answered the worthy, imitating the tone and manner of the Professor, "is Sam Hardy—Sam Hardy—Sam Hardy."

But the affair did not end in merely a war of words. That sweet panacea, the law was applied by the outraged Greek; and the unfortunate Sam was fined the enormous sum of seven dollars—a catastrophe to him as terrible as that which befall the old lady who sold apples and peanuts, and she unfortunately took a counterfeited one dollar bill, which involved her in disaster and ruin!

Longfellow begins to look quite old. By and-by he will be gone: but of him it will be said, "though dead he yet liveth." He may often be seen, either on the street or walking pensively about his grounds. With those whom he employs he is pleasant and sociable, ever dignified, but now so reserved or aristocratic. He is well off as to this world's goods, as may be inferred from the fact, that in 1860 he paid a tax of \$1220 10, which being at the rate of \$9 on every 1000, would make him worth \$135 000 00.

And here I may remark, that he likes his bread baked hard, so as to give his teeth wholesome exercise. Having given this important information, housewives will please govern themselves accordingly—for not to pattern after the great is indeed a heinous sin.

Several weeks ago I enjoyed the rich pleasure of listening to Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Music Hall, Boston, in his masterly discourse upon the President's Emancipation Proclamation. Everybody was delighted; and as the crowd was leaving the Hall, such expressions as, "Wasn't it splendid?" "Did you ever hear anything equal to it?" "Did you ever listen to anything like it?" we heard on every side. The enthusiasm was unbounded. After the mass of the audience had left, I, with others, tarried to see him shake hands with his numerous friends.—His manners in private are no less captivating than his discourses and eloquence in public. In form he is thin; his dress is a very plain black suit; and from his appearance one would hardly believe that he beheld a philosopher and thinker the like of which few generations have produced.

"I know the final destiny of Mr. Emerson's address," remarked one gentleman to another—"its destiny is the *Atlantic Monthly*. Don't you see Fields up the e talking with him?" I turned my gaze to the platform, and here I saw the well-known face of J. T. Field, the willow author, and member of the famous firm of Ticknor & Fields, as he stood, with his coat buttoned up to his chin, gaily chatting with Mr. Emerson. The latter at length left the place and disappeared. But when the next number of the *Atlantic* came out, sure enough, there appeared in its pages an article, by R. W. Emerson, on the Emancipation Proclamation of the President.

C. O. S.

We speak of this terrible war, and complain of the many privations we are obliged to endure, and the anxious fears we entertain for those of our friends who are engaged in the dreadful conflict, but the following letter from a resident of Kentucky will convey some idea of the true condition of affairs in that state.

My esteemed Friend:—My wife promised in her last letter that I would write you but you know all communication between us was closed by the rebels, and remained so up to this time. Thank heaven it is now open, and I hope it will never be closed again.

When Gens. Smith and Bragg entered this state, they issued very honorable proclamations, and thereby deceived many people, myself among the number.

Most of the young gentlemen in this section of the country went to Ohio. Fifty left West Seeling and have just returned to their homes. I, and some of my neighbors remained at home, but I was arrested on account of my union principles.

After arresting me twice, and finding no other charge against me than my union principles, they were determined to kill me, and was about to do so when I left my home and for seventeen days and nights, secreted myself in the woods, fodder stacks and out-houses. During this time the union forces obtained possession of Paris, Ky. I was hunted so closely that I was obliged to leave and make the best of my way to that point.

On my way I met six armed men, whose purpose was to shoot me, but they did not know me and enquired my name, I promptly gave them my name as Johnson, which saved my life.

Several of your acquaintances have suffered severely. Mr. Adams shot at four times, but made good his escape the day before I left for Paris. Cousin R. was a prisoner, for many days, but has been released.

Cousin P. S. family were literally dispossessed of everything they owned, except their land. All the stock that the rebels could make use of was taken from the household furniture destroyed, dishes broken, beds ripped open and the feathers thrown away, and ticks, blankets and quilts carried off. Miss M's fine dresses were torn into ribbons and scattered to the four winds of heaven. Hundreds of families were served in the same manner, and sometimes much worse; and I have no doubt that many more will die of starvation from being thus miserably robbed.

Our son has been to Ky, but has gone back to Nashville Tenn. He could not come to see us, as the rebel army was between him and our home. Thank God he has good health, and all say he is a noble soldier.

My family all join me in sending love, and hope to see you in a few months, when we will tell you all about the past.

Should you see proper to publish any part of this letter, do not, on any account append my name, I should be murdered if it fell in to rebel hands.

CARLYLE ON MODERN DIVINITY.—"No Divinity any longer dwells in the world; and as men cannot do without a divinity, a sort of terrestrial upholstery one has been got together and named *TASTE*, with medallist virtues and picture cognoscenti, and enlightened letter and belles-lettres men enough for priests. To which worship, with its stunted formularies and hung y results, must the earnest mind, like the hollow and shallow one, adjust itself, as best might be."

A vain young lady fished for a compliment from a keen old uncle. The old gentleman took the hint, and said, "Fair is the brow wherein no sense resides."

At a kissing party the other night our Devil was sentenced to pay a forfeit by addressing a young lady in rhyme. Feeling that for the moment the whole reputation of the office was on his shoulders, he squared himself and delivered the following:

My Dear, I love you, yes I do,
Better nor lasses can I do,
Better than Apple Dumplings new,
Blackstrap or Otter Brande.

On the first of January several new features to be introduced in the *Portland Advertiser*—among the rare one of a mid day issue, (which containing the gist of the New York papers of the same day. This achievement that the lovers of editorial notions what they may. The *Advertiser* is already an excellent newspaper, new enterprise, together with the enlargement of its semi-weekly editions, will make it a most desirable. The proprietor has not only the excel, but has that force of character does not bow to even formidable. His purposes are of the most decided character, and we may look to see a *vertiser* a power in the whole East, nothing of the influence it has in the State of Maine. Well, we are powerful and mainly journalistic country needs it now.

THE DEATH OF CAPT. WILLIAM DENMARK, which occurred last week, with much regret, though with surprise. He has long been in ill health and had nearly reached his three score. We have known him for many years, in the close intimacy of ship. He was a man of mark, good habits of life, intelligent, orderly, and in his ways even to obtaining right in his dealings. He has been a subscriber to the *Reporter* since its first issue, and one of our appreciative readers dare say our friend was prepared to be with us, when he was suddenly, we believe, in his career, he was with us, and joy eternal be to his enfranchised spirit.

ORIGINAL STANZAS.

Oh, why are ye weeping, gloomy eyes,
And what do your tears avail?
These floods that fall from your eyes,
Taylor of Solway's fall.

Cannot wake the flowers so frail,
Oh, what are your sorrows, autumn quest is to
That you wail and moan and cry,
The Lord's will.

You search the woodlands, but cannot find
The dead ones that in them lie.
Oh, where are ye tripping, fleetly
Side all the forces of the crop ev.

Can ye, with your mantles, hide earth's
And cure the autumn blight?
And sympathy weeps and pity
While mercy with gentler hand
Suppresses the tears and sighs and
Alas, covers the slumbering dead.

BRIDGTON REPORTER.—The *Reporter* has renewed its weekly visits to our friends. The Little proprietor having given up the list of Jax. Lamson now figures as a regular of Decem. Lizzie Fy of Denmark, daughter of Jax. Fy, Esq. She is not unknown to our friends, and has the aid of her mother, Mrs. Fy, in the Press. Or course the paper is more matter so and racy than ever.—*Oxford Journal*.

We thank B. O. Pidgeon for his kind Portland Press. But we don't know how it happened. The *Reporter* ever failed to reach his military service. We supposed it was regularly sent to serve him makes a slight mistake in giving it to "Leah Lee"—he calls it *Leah Lee*.

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Fun and Sentiment.

—The Chicago Times gives the following report of a surgical examination, in anticipation of the draft:

A stout, athletic individual applied to a well known surgeon to learn his opinion whether he was capable of "bearing arms."

The following is the dialogue, reported by one who was present:

"You have frequent palpitations of the heart, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, often."

"Your family is subject to pulmonary diseases."

"Two have died of consumption, sir."

"And frequently you are dizzy and faint?"

"Very frequently."

"Liver out of order, is it not?"

"Very much so, sir."

"You experience much oppression—after partaking of a hearty meal?"

"My digestion is very bad indeed."

The disciple of Aesculapius applied his stethoscope to the breast of the invalid. The ponderous heart and leathern lungs were grinding out health and vitality, and, with a commiserating look he informed him:

"You are precisely the kind of man that is wanted."

—When Gen. Bragg entered Kentucky, he said in reply to those who asked if he should stop long—"Oh! yes, I have brought my knitting with me."

"Now, says Prentice, we should like to know whether, at the big scare Buell gave him, he didn't drop a stitch or two. It seems strange that the rebel armies should complain so much of the want of socks when even the Generals take their knitting wherever they go, flow convenient it will be, when we catch Bragg and Buckner, to make Bragg knit a stout pair of suspenders for the two! He need never be in want of yarn to work with for he can tell yarns enough any time for all possible purposes."

—Of little human flowers, Death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and he is transformed into something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not, for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes.

—Many men fail in life because when young they frame a false judgment touching their mental capacities and inclinations, and are ever after engaged in the task of proving to themselves, and others that their verdict is a just one.

—A certain Irish attorney threatened to prosecute a Dublin printer, for inserting the death of a living person. The menace concluded with the remark, that "No printer should publish a death unless apprised of the fact by the party deceased."

—A lady whose favorite cat had been done to death with strychnine by an unfelicitous neighbor, was advised by Calob to have the body interred by a grape-vine. Upon being asked the reason for this advice, he remarked that it would increase the growth of the Cat-awba grapes.

—A witty dentist having labored in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task, with the felicitous apology: "The fact is, madam, it seems impossible for anything bad to come out of your mouth."

—Six pairs of boots, containing twelve bottles of whiskey, were taken from beneath the clothes of a femalesmuggler at Memphis recently, just as she was passing into Dixie.

—"Have you Goldsmith's Greece?" asked a gentleman, on entering a bookstore. "No sir, but they have some excellent bear's oil at the next door," replied the counter boy.

—A BEAUTIFUL IDEA. A little seven-year-old of our acquaintance, inquired of her mother a few days since, if "the wind didn't whistle for the leaves to dance by."

—The Machias Union is responsible for the following:

"A gentleman in an inland town tendered a dollar bill to pay a charge of sixty cents, and was gravely offered sixty squash seeds to represent the balance due him."

—When Mudge was a very little girl, her father found her chubby hands full of the blossoms of a beautiful tea rose on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," said he, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of these flowers without leave?" "Yes, papa," said Mudge innocently, "but all these had leaves."

—It costs a great deal more to be miserable than to be happy.

Portland Business Cards.

J. W. C. MORRISON & CO.,
Manufacturer and dealer in

Picture, Portrait, & Looking Glass

FRAMES,
No. 26 Market Square, --- Portland.

Plain and Ornamental, Gilt, Black Walnut, and Rose Wood Mouldings.

Also, a complete assortment of Photographic materials constantly on hand.
Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 6m

M. G. PALMER & CO.,
Wholesale dealer in

Millinery and White Goods,

Gloves, Hosiery, Laces, Embroideries,

HOOP SKIRTS AND FANCY GOODS,

NO. 114 MIDDLE ST.,
M. G. Palmer, } PORTLAND, ME.
R. O. Thomas, }
Z. Long, Jr. }

Portland, Aug. 1, 1862 6m

G. M. MOULTON & CO.,

(Successor to Center & Moulton)

Wholesale Grocers,

No. 81 Commercial Street,

G. M. Moulton, } PORTLAND, ME.
A. G. Rogers, }

Aug. 22, 1862, 6m

LANE & LITTLE,

Dealers in

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

Also, Manufacturers of

Cloaks, Capes and Mantillas,

No. 133 MIDDLE STREET,

P. Lane, } PORTLAND.
A. Little, }

Portland, Aug. 1, 1862, 6m

STEELE & HAYES,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

China;

CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE,

NO. 110 MIDDLE STREET,

Eben Steele, } PORTLAND, ME.
Thos. H. Hayes, }

Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 6m

HOBBS, CHASE & CO.

Wholesale dealers in

Teas;

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

NO. 155 FORT STREET,

John P. Hobbs, } Head Central Wharf
Francis B. Chase, }
Joshua Hobbs, }

Portland, Aug. 1, 1862 6m

EMERY & WATERHOUSE,

Importers of and Dealers in

HARDWARE, CUTLERY & GLASS,

AGENTS FOR

FAIRBANKS' SCALES AND WELCH

AND GRIFFITH'S SAWS,

NO. 133 MIDDLE STREET,

Daniel F. Emery, } PORTLAND, ME.
J. W. Waterhouse, }

Portland, Aug. 1, 1862, 3m

JOHN LYNCH & CO.,

Wholesale Grocers,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Granite Stores, Commercial St.,

(Opp. Head Wiggery's Wharf)

John Lynch, } PORTLAND, ME.
Pelag Barker, }

Thos. Lynch, }

Portland, Aug. 1, 1862, 1f

Special Notice!

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!

THE Subscriber has in Store the LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF

DRUGS, PAINTS,

Dye-Stuffs, Chemicals,

And everything kept in a Drug Store, Or used by Physicians, that can be found in

The State.

Dealers are furnished at **LOWEST**

PRICES and everything sold

Warranted to be of the Best Quality

Physicians' orders receive particular attention.

Quotations of prices sent to Doctors and Dealers, on application.

Please address, or call on

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W. & C. R. MILLIKEN,

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BUCK WHEAT AND FLOUR A fresh lot just received by

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SURVEYORS COMPASSES

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Abner Lowell. William Senter.

A. E. STEVENS & CO.

Importers and Dealers in

Iron and Steel,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

Head of Wiggery's Wharf,

PORTLAND, --- MAINE.

6m July 4

TYLER, RICE & SONS,

(DEALERS IN

HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL

119 COMMERCIAL STREET,

PORTLAND, --- MAINE.

6m July 4

WESTON & KEAZER,

Late Notes Weston & Co.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

AND FLOUR DEALERS,

Willis Block, 103 Commercial Street, head of

Commercial Wharf,

PORTLAND, --- MAINE.

Thomas H. Weston. David Kenzer

6m July 4

HALL L. DAVIS.

STATIONER,

MANUFACTURER OF PAGED ACCOUNT BOOKS

Importer and dealer in

Foreign & Domestic Stationery & Paper Hangings,

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Portland, --- Maine.

Main 6m July 4

A. ROBINSON,

DEALER IN

Books, Magazines

News Papers and Musical Instruments,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

No. 51 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine.

6m July 4

TRUE & MILLIKEN,

Wholesale Grocers

--- AND ---

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

141 - Commercial St. - 141

Between Fore & Commercial Sts., Portland,

--- AND ---

Anvils, Screw Plates, Vices, Bellows, Stone

Hammer, Rasp, Files, Axes, Prisms, Nuts

Washers, Hoses, Horse Shoes, Nails, Chain

Carriage Bolts, Pump Chain and Fixtures,

Drill Presses, Tyre Sanders, &c. 6m55,

Portland, Me.

6m July 4

ALBERT WEBB & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Corn, Flour, & Grain,

Head of Merrill's Wharf,

COMMERCIAL ST., PORTLAND, ME.

6m July 4

CROSMAN & POOR,

Druggists and Apothecaries,

NO. 75 MIDDLE ST., FOX BLOCK,

PORTLAND, --- MAINE.

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Physicians' Prescriptions and Family

Medicines receive especial attention.

6m July 4

JOHN W. PERKINS & CO.

Wholesale Dealers in

Paints, Oils and Varnishes,

DRUGS, DYE STUFFS, GLASS WARE,

FLUID, KEROSENE OIL, &c.

86 Commercial St., Thomas' Block,

6m July 4 PORTLAND, ME.

O. L. SANBORN & CO.

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Carpeting, Paper Hangings,

FEATHERS, MATTRESSES, AND

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

55 & 57 MIDDLE ST., (up stairs),

J. S. Marrett, Portland. Fred A. Poor,

Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 1y

BOOKS,

Stationery, and Room Papers,

BAILEY & NOYES,

BOOK PUBLISHERS,

No. 55, 56, & 58 Exchange St.,

F. W. Bailey, Portland. James Noyes.

Portland, Aug. 1, 1862. 6m

NEW TEAS, NEW TEAS!

China Tea Store,

135 Middle St., Portland.

At the above place you can find the great- est assortment of TEAS, SUGARS, COFFEES, STICES, DRIED FRUITS, &c., and at fifteen per cent less than can be bought elsewhere.— Please call and see for yourselves.

6m July 4 GEO. E. SHAW, Proprietor.

Portland Business Cards.

DR. R. LA CROIX'S
PRIVATE MEDICAL TREATIES

ON THE

Physiological View of Marriage.

250 PAGES and 130 ENGRAVINGS.—Price only TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Sent free of postage to all parts of the Empire. On the influence of youth and maturity, disclosing the secret follies of both sexes of all ages, causing debility, nervousness, depression of spirit, palpitation of the heart, suicidal imaginations, involuntary emissions, bluishings, defective memory, indigestion and lassitude, with copious illustrations of a College Student and a young married lady, &c. &c. It is a truthful adviser to the married and those contemplating marriage, who entertain secret doubts of their physical condition, and who are conscious of having hazarded the health of youth and maturity, to which every human being is entitled.

Young Men who are troubled with weakness, generally caused by a bad habit in youth, the effects of which are dizziness, pains, forgetfulness, sometimes a ringing in the ears, weak eyes, weakness of the back and lower extremities, confusion of ideas, loss of memory, with melancholy may be cured by the author's NEW PARIS ANI LONDON TREATMENT.

We have recently devoted much of our time in VISITING THE EUROPEAN HOSPITALS, availing ourselves of the knowledge and researches of the most skilled Physicians and Surgeons in Europe and the Continent. Those who place themselves under our care will now have the full benefit of the many NEW AND EFFICACIOUS REMEDIES which we are enabled to introduce in to our practice, and the public may rest assured of the same zeal, assiduity, SKILL and attention being paid to their cases, which has so successfully distinguished us heretofore, as a Physician in our PECULIAR department of professional practice for the past twenty-five years.

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A Treatise on the cause of Premature Decay.—A solemn warning. Just published, a book showing the insidious and gradual prevalence among schools, (both male and female) of this fatal habit, pointing out the fatality that invariably attends its victims, and developing the whole progress of the disease, from the commencement to the end. It will be sent by Mail on receipt of two [2] cent stamps.

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Robert Bradley. 6m Jun 13